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OCTOBER, 1945

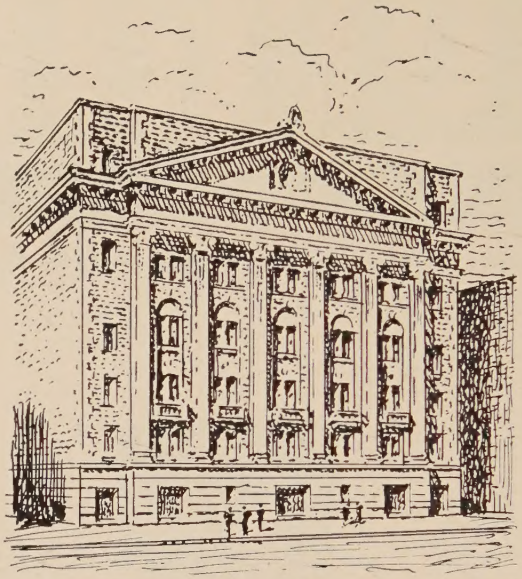
# The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

## Public Servant of the Gods

I am primarily engaged to myself,
to be a public servant of all the gods;
to demonstrate to all men
that there is intelligence
and good will at the heart of things,
and higher and yet higher leadings—
These are my engagements.
If there be power in good intentions,
in fidelity, and in toil,
the north wind shall be purer,
and the stars in heaven will glow
with a kindlier beam that I have lived.

Ralph Waldo Emerson



**THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO**

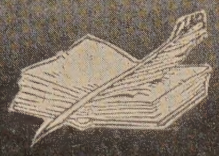
**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

# Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

# The Liberalist



PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

*Volume XXII* **October, 1945** *Number 7*


## INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM

Do you think the world would be in the mess it is in today if we had been fearless in our social point of view of religion? Don't indict religion. Indict those who have been emphasizing the importance of non-essentials in religion—who have made up some of the 278 different kinds of Protestants and 14 or 15 different kinds of Catholics and just as many different kinds of Jews. Cannot we see that religion is that which unites and identifies and integrates man, and above all stands for the preservation of personality values, for the individual is the highest expression in all this creative world, and to keep that individual free is the highest function of religion itself, and that is reiterated in the classic sentence of the Master: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." That is a religion for today.

*O God, we are so grateful that Thy healing power does reach human souls; people who are confused and in chaos, people in consternation, people who are off-center, and people who have lost anchorage, who are floundering, floundering in this modern world. Demonstrate, as Thou alone can, in this moment what happens to human lives when they touch the Source of true Power and true Strength.*

From Dr. Bradley's Book, "My Daily Strength."

# The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Ave.

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Broadcast by station WJJD

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Sunday Morning Service—WJJD—11 o'clock

Every Weekday, Monday through Friday—WGN—6 o'clock

# "THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA"

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

**Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago**

ONE week ago this morning I arose to preach in St. Andrews Church in the City of Fort William, Canada, nearly a thousand miles away from this pulpit. I had been invited to speak there by the pastor of that very interesting and very great Church and I accepted the invitation gladly, and my reason for accepting was very selfish. I was thinking about this very moment in which I stand in this pulpit to preach my opening sermon for the thirty-fourth year. I said to him, "I will accept your invitation to preach in St. Andrews pulpit with the definite understanding that I am going to use your pulpit and your congregation as guinea pigs." Well, he looked at me and although he is British he did have a sense of humor and he said, "What do you mean by that?" "How long have you been in St. Andrews pulpit?" I asked him. "I have been here eight years." "Well," I said, "You have not been in your pulpit long enough to know whether your people have good memories or not, but," I said, "I have been in my pulpit long enough to know that my people all have good memories, and even though I am away from them for thirteen weeks they are going to remember what I said at my opening sermon last year and I had better not try to preach the same sermon over again." "So," I said, "I will tell you why I have accepted your invitation; I am going to try the sermon out on you and your congregation, that's the analogy to guinea pigs, and it ends there, but I am going to use your pulpit as a laboratory and I will try the sermon out, and if it seems to go all right, then I will preach it next Sunday in my own pulpit in Chicago." I tried the sermon out—you will never hear it.

I was riding along a highway one morning at about eleven o'clock on my way to speak at a meeting at noon in Virginia this summer and all at once the program to which I was listening, which happened to be the delightful Fred Waring program, was stopped and Mr. Waring said, "We are going to interrupt the program, we have a message from the White House." That program was interrupted and a voice from the White House said, quite simply, "This is the White House speaking; the President has just released the information that an atomic bomb has been dropped upon Japan." Many of you probably shared with me that experience. Since I last had the privilege of standing in this pulpit 13 weeks ago more has happened of great significance in which the future was involved, than has happened in the past fifty years. Perhaps that is an understatement; perhaps the things which have happened in the last thirteen weeks will be more profound in influencing the destiny of the human race than anything which has ever happened before. I did not have the opportunity of sharing with you the 14th, 15th and 16th of August, but I *was* with you, though I was far away. All during the day I had been glued to a radio listening for what we were all certain would be climactic and important. Then at 5 o'clock we were asked to stand by at 6 o'clock. There were only nine of us on our little island, but we gathered in the living room and tuned in at 6 o'clock. You, of course, again shared with me through the miracle of this radio, the similar experience

and I am but re-echoing it, we shared that experience together though the miles were between us. Then the voice of the President of the United States . . . and for the first time since that far-off September, 1939, the world had a cessation of military activities, and the institution of war was over! Nine of us stood when the voice said, "Our national anthem." There was no elation, there were tears, and there was not one of us in that household who was not in tears as we stood in our living room for our national anthem. The experience was something which I cannot project and I cannot make articulate. I turned to those of us who were there, members of my family, and I said to each of them, "What is your reaction?" One by one they spoke, and there was present a relative of ours, a boy who had just returned a few days before from Europe and the Italian campaign who was in uniform. He was wearing his service bars and stripes. I watched him. He had been in aviation; he had gone all through the Italian campaign. I looked at him and I said, "George, what is your reaction? You have been right in the midst of this thing, what is your reaction?" He turned to me and without any histrionics, perfect self-control, he said, "I am thinking of the row after row of white crosses I have seen." That was the first reaction I had from one who had seen those by his side, his comrades, become forever a part of European soil. Then the next evening, the 15th, they came to me in our little community and they said, "Doctor Bradley, we must have a victory service.". . . You know I thought at one time if you would come, I would have flown to Chicago and held a service here on Wednesday night; I wanted it most of all; I wanted to stand here on that night; but we have a little white church up there at Tower and the community sent word out and they sai "We should have a victory service an we want you to come and speak." S the next night, Wednesday night, w all went to the little white church. Yo could put almost everyone who coul get into that church in our choir loft it is very tiny, but they were there fathers and mothers and those fine lad were there. Miss Mary Clarke of ou choir sang and Jimmy read that lovel poem which I have read to you "Hig Flight" and we sang a hymn; it wa a lovely night, a night of consecration

Well, things have happened, hav they not, since that last service i June? Do you remember what I sai in that last sermon, that before we me together again peace would probabl come to the world? I was just sure o it. Now in this interim that we hav been apart all these things have hap pened. Hardly a month ago, two day over a month, a fortnight, and the sur render, officially, of Japan, and withi that time before the ink is dry on th agreement on the Missouri and whil foreign ministers are debating aroun the green covered tables in Londo while I speak to you, we are beginnin to feel the impact of the problem an challenge of this hour! I never felt i more deeply. Europe a great vacuum central Europe in economic confusio that may result in anarchy, bloodshe and revolution! Jealousies between th four occupational units of the Thir Reich . . . a great economic vacuu settling down upon the world. Kore unable to comprehend the still continu ing administration of their Japanes tyrants, hardly able to conceive tha what happens in that important an strategic place is by order of Genera MacArthur coming through the Japa nese puppets of the government. Rest lessness! With the growing anxiety o the Philippines, the restlessness o China that even a Japanese Imperia

Diet can meet with an American flag floating over the Embassy in Tokyo, for it never floated over an official building in Tokyo yet: the flag went up on the embassy and not the capital . . . with a growing restlessness everywhere, while the rebound of it is felt throughout all America. Thousands and thousands of American workingmen striking in this hour! Restlessness, a vacuum in Europe, an economic challenge to America, the fear of the blight of inflation, the danger of our inability to absorb the ever increasing unemployment in proportion to present wage scales, and the need of the goods, of the people, the fear that a standard of living cannot be maintained, the anger and the resentment, the growing, growing tendency to foster readjustment by legislation, together with the sweeping away, as by one breath, of all military technique by the atomic bomb so that all military strategists are now desperately trying to reorganize military strategy on the basis of the energy of the atom!

General MacArthur made a very remarkable utterance, one of the greatest that has come out of the whole situation thus far, showing that General MacArthur is not solely a military strategist, and must be given time by the public opinion of America . . . don't hurry General MacArthur, don't hurry him; those of you who may not be familiar with the psychology of the Orient have no norm by which to judge the colossal task in the occupation of Japan. Be patient with our military. Trust the judgment of General MacArthur; don't be hasty; we have only a little wedge in the door of Japan. There are six million Japanese soldiers that have never known combat yet, and it is going to take a little time for those to have an infiltration of defeat; it is a hard job to convince a soldier that has never been in a battle, but has had fifteen years' training, that he is whipped. Be patient, America. Gen'l MacArthur's first statement in the address which followed the Missouri signing was this: "We are at the beginning of a new era," and then he said the most significant thing that has been said by a comparable authority in this whole matter when he said, "We must find a way for the manifestation of spiritual values." Militarists who had tasted blood finally concluded that it was not the answer. How long, *HOW LONG, O WORLD, WILL YOU GO ON BELIEVING THE LIE, PRACTICING THE FALLACY DEVOTED TO AN UNTRUTH, THAT FORCE IS THE SOLUTION FOR YOUR PROBLEMS?* There never has been a war yet that did not leave behind it problems, some of them more difficult than the war itself thought it had solved. This war is no exception. Japan's military is on its knees but the great fostered influence of Japanese militarism still lives untouched and unstained—the Emperor of Japan. Hitler, we assume, is dead—no one knows, there has been no proof ever. Himmler, Streicher, Goebbels, Goering, ghastly examples of the self-destruction of evil! Hitler as a military power is dead, Hitlerism is still alive in the world. That's the tragedy of thinking that problems are solved by force. They never are, never in the world.

Now we face tomorrow. You say you hate war? That is not enough. There is another question: How much do you love PEACE? Every person in the congregation, everyone in touch with this service, I don't think there is any one of you, who does not hate war, including the military, and those who have been in it the deepest hate it the worst; we hate war: *IT IS NOT ENOUGH!* Don't tell me that you hate war and then in the same breath give evidence that you don't hate the things that

make war! There is inconsistency at its best! I meet people every day saying to me, "I hate war." I meet fathers and mothers and they say, "I hate war," and before the conversation is finished they let you know that they hate the Russians too, and they let you know that they hate Jews, and Roman Catholics, they hate, hate, hate, and when they say, "I hate war" it is a hollow mockery! *DON'T SAY YOU HATE WAR UNLESS YOU LOVE PEACE SO MUCH THAT YOU WILL SACRIFICE YOUR PERSONAL PREJUDICES AND BURY THEM DEEPLY AND CO-OPERATE WITH THE OTHER NATIONS OF THE WORLD TO CREATE PEACE!* Who are those who love peace and who shout "I hate war!" and in the same breath hate Great Britain, hate with their propaganda of selfishness and greed? Good God, America, believe me, if there ever comes another war it will be too late then for everybody, because that one none of us will live through, we will all die, and our home will be in the combat zone, and the unborn baby growing against its mother's heart, and the old man of ninety, will both be in the military in the next one. Be careful in the memory of the little white crosses! Be sure, when you hate war, that you love peace sufficiently to co-operate with all the world to preserve it. Every nation has got to give up, capital has got to give up, labor has got to give up, we have all got to meet each other half way in this hour or we are doomed and damned, the whole lot of us. The time has come for plain speaking in this hour and from this pulpit I shall speak it as I see it during these treacherous and difficult days.

We cannot expect the perfect. Why, tomorrow is the 17th of September, is it not? Do you know what happened on the 17th of September, 1787? Well, the Constitution of the United States was signed after eleven years of bickering and arguing. And do you know what happened? There were 55 delegates to the Constitutional Convention and of the 55, sixteen of those delegates walked out of the convention and refused to sign the Constitution. They said, "We will have nothing to do with it." A while later Benjamin Franklin, one of the wisest ones of all, was wheeled into that convention. He marshaled the remaining 39 and there was not one of the 39, including himself, who said the document was perfect; many of them reluctantly signed it, but they signed it. The Constitution we know is not perfect; we know that it has been amended and amended, and we know that Justice Hughes once said that the Constitution of the United States "is what the Supreme Court of the United States says it is." We know that it was not a perfect document, but we signed it and we went to work with it; it was the best we could do. Good God, World, you are bathed in tears, you will be paying for war to the end of your history, your sick, your pensions, your economic disturbances. . . . World! you are bankrupt! There is not a solvent nation on the earth! We have wrecked the economy of the world! Pestilence, revolution, famine, that's the alternative, that is what we are going to get if we don't create a world of understanding! This can be *"THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA!"* It can be the darkest hour man has known! Dark, when there is so much light, sky, earth, iron, oil, land, everything; the world, and MAN, poor little petty, grasping, greedy, hating, selfish MAN does not reach out and create the *KINGDOM OF GOD UPON THIS EARTH!* And the 650 million Christians in the world? Why, if the 650 million Christians in the world would only stop fighting, arguing over creeds and

ceremonies, stop dissipating energy, and take each other's hands and go to work in the great body politic of the earth on the elimination of poverty, disease and crime, the building of decent habitations, and the right of every person of every creed, color and race to live and breathe the free air of earth!

It has cost a terrible price, this hour. Let's say to every boy under a little white cross, perhaps your son, under a little white cross, "We will not let your dying be in vain; we will not fail you; we mean it now; mean it as we have never meant it! We will build, *BUILD* and *SOLVE* together." There are brains enough, character enough, there is power enough to do it. Will you try? Stop hating: that is first. Stop lying, stop the rumor repeating, stop the national jealousies, stop fear and build, *BUILD*—that's the job before us!

A little boy walking along the street with his father after a shower came to a crossing where the oil which had dripped from the cars had run into the gutter in the street and tarried there, and the oil was all mixed up on the surface of the little pool of rain in the gutter. The sun came out and the little boy stood with his father and as they passed he looked at the gutter and there reflected in the sunlight were all the iridescent rays of color, beautiful, all colors. And the little boy said to his Dad, "Look, Dad, there is a rainbow all smashed up!" Rainbow! rainbow! let's try to keep the rainbows reflecting the colors of God!

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# DID YOU LOOK IN THE ATTIC?

You don't have an attic? Ah, but I'm sure you do. You don't live in a house? Nor do I, but I have an attic. It's the very top shelf of my clothes closet. Stored away up there are all the things I don't use and yet I just can't seem to part with—somebody might be able to use them. There's a beautiful piece of upholstering material that was left over when the living-room furniture was redone; a soft rose taffeta strip like the dining-room drapes; a priceless bit from Aunt Agatha's trunk—never seemed to be enough to do anything with, yet I could make a stunning cushion of it if I just could find the time.

What is all this about? Haven't you guessed? All those good odds and ends you haven't found a use for are just waiting to be handed in to your Bazaar Chairman. There are willing hands waiting for the chance to make them into something beautiful and useful to sell at the Peoples Church Bazaar.

December 6th and 7th are going to be here before we know it, and those pieces just have to be made up before then, so don't delay—scratch around in your own special attic like a mother hen stirring up her brood and don't miss a thing! Have you been in the yard-goods department of any of our best stores of late? If you have, you know it's like walking into a bargain basement at the end of the last day of a sale—there's just nothing left—and nothing coming in, until goodness knows when. So it's up to everyone's attic—and you!

What else could you do? Dress a doll! Make some baby clothes! Donate some canned goods, kitchenware, pillow slips, towels, aprons, bedspreads, crocheted and knitted articles, pictures, rugs, or what have you?

The main thing to remember is—DONATE!

# The Liberalist

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PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
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## EDITORIAL

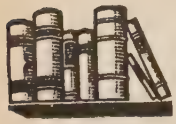
THE thought I have in mind is not one that is easily comprehended; it does not represent a technique of living which is very universal, and it is somewhat contrary to many of our usual and accepted standards, but, of course, that is always characteristic of the Master-Teacher. Jesus was never conventional, he was never mediocre, he was always in the advance guard and he was always the revolutionist. He always stood against the accepted traditionalism of his age; he never once adjusted himself to the commonalties that surrounded him; he always had a conception of relationships and of humanity for which there could be found no precedent. His uniqueness was the uniqueness of going further than all about him attempted to go. That was why he was misunderstood, that was why he was unappreciated, that, undoubtedly, is one of the primary reasons they sent him to a cross. He was not crucified because he taught anything that was particularly at variance with a great many people of the period, but he was crucified because he penetrated into the relationships of society, of government, of men, people . . . way beyond the comprehensions of those in whose hands he was and because they could not fathom him, because they could not approximate him, because they could not analyse him, because they could not find any place where he would fit into the conventional ideas of the era, then he became a marked man. He did not begin what he had to say by saying: "Thou shalt not . . ." but he did begin by saying: "Blessed, blessed, blessed" and the people were amazed, they were astonished; it was something new for a moral and spiritual teacher not to set himself up as a great reformer that by command, and technique, and tradition, was going to break humanity in order to remake it. That was not the thesis, nor the attitude of the Galilean poet at all. He was something new, something resplendent with the surplus of life's comprehensions—dining with Publicans, consorting with sinners, speaking forgivingly to harlots, understanding the tragedies and the heartbreak of sinners—it was something new for a man to have compassion. The ancient prophets had thundered out their defiances, they demanded their sacrifices, the best of the flock, the best of the family, they had a God to be ap-

peased: Jesus had a God to be emulated. With him there was not the desire to set up and establish a systematic process of making people good, but rather creating the inspirations which would inspire and lift people into goodness. Not a negative attitude that the way to get rid of evil was to fight it. That is the traditional approach; that belongs to the technique of the ages. Not to fight evil and fight evil people and fight evil things, but he, this revolutionist in the realm of social and individual relationships out of the penetrating comprehensions of his own understanding of humanity simply said, "You don't have to fight evil objectively, you don't have to fight people, you don't have to create institutions that in their traditional treatment of the diseases of the soul constitute formidable weapons of demolition," and they looked at him in amazement, and they said, "What does this young man mean, what has he in his mind? He said: "Fight it? You don't have to fight evil." "Well, how are you going to get rid of it?" *"OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD!"* The Master-Teacher knew that "darkness" is the absence of light, that you don't fight the darkness, you light a lamp, and wherever there is darkness light banishes it. Evil is darkness, evil is the black, and a momentary light of good, and it is gone.

We have all resolved our Christianity, our religion, our philosophy of association within the border lines of "our *duty*." We simplify it to mean "our *duty*," "my *duty*," "your *duty*." They asked us to go with them one mile and we went the mile and when we came to the milestone we stopped and said, "Now, we have done our duty," and we developed a self complacency and an oversimplification that our full responsibility to life was completed when we had done our duty. The first mile was my duty. Broken humanity, a broken life, a saddened heart, a worried father, a disappointed mother, a disillusioned, frustrated, chaotic adolescent trying to find anchorage amid all the enthusiasms of youth! We have a duty? One mile with them and the performance of our duty? What travesty, what sheer travesty that Christianity should be resolved to a religion of mere duty! It is not enough! It has never been, for the people in this world that have touched humanity with its most sublime beauty have been people who did more than their duty; people who have more than met their duties and obligations. They were the people who went the Second Mile. Not people who said, "I am now content, I have done my duty." *IT IS NOT ENOUGH!* "If a man ask thee to go with him a mile, go with him two miles. If a man sue thee at law and take away thy cloak, give him thy coat." *DUTY?* "If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn thy left." *DUTY?* No! *SOMETHING BEYOND DUTY!* The world has many beautiful examples of people like that. The little extra touch of life, the little extra overflow of affection, the little going beyond our duty. Does any father this morning remain content when he says, "I will be the least of a father that I can be. I will remain a father but I will resolve the responsibilities of fatherhood to the sheer confines of being a father." You don't say that at all. A mother does not say it. You don't say it, of course you don't. It is the extra little pat that you give the curly, tousled head at night when you draw the covers up and then kiss your child goodnight. *IT IS THE EXTRA; IT IS THE PLUS; IT IS THE OVERFILLING, IT IS THE SPIRITUAL SURPLUS.*

Yesterday at Navy Pier I stopped a boy whose chest was just covered with decorations for gallantry and bravery,

and I said to him, standing before him in humility and amazement, "And what is that one for?" The answer he gave me is the subject of this editorial. "Why," he said, "Doctor Bradley, this one was given to me for going beyond the line of duty"; he got that one for the second mile.



# BOOK CHATS

THE question of the weather is always a very interesting one, and the book which I am going to talk about first in this chat with you is entitled "Story of the Weather and the World's Resources," a book written by Maryanna Heile, with some very interesting drawings by Jerome Graham, a book that would lay the foundation for some very fascinating study and observation for young people on what will be increasingly an important matter in the readjustment of the world to the demands of trade and commerce and unity as well.

There are many scientists who oppose any effort to popularize knowledge of this sort. I recall how a great many teachers of philosophy throughout the country reacted unfavorably to Mr. Will Durant's popularization of philosophy, when his book "The Story of Philosophy" became a best seller. I do not share that point of view, because I believe that as much knowledge should be made available to the general public as is possible and we know it cannot be presented in too technical or academic terms. What is said or taught must be done in a very understandable manner, with every effort at simplification, but the more one knows, the more one's horizon becomes widened and the areas of his interest become extended. It is pitiful and tragic to go through life not being able to know as much as possible about the universe of which we are a part, and this book, "The Story of the Weather and World's Resources," does tell, in popular form, the romantic and fascinating story of the weather. Everyone notices the weather, almost everyone you meet is some kind of a weather prophet and we all know the weather affects us all as we make our plans and think about tomorrow.

This book begins with a discussion of the atmosphere around our earth, and reveals in simple language the true story of the world's moods, of sunshine, of rainstorms, of wind, of lightning. One learns why the wind blows and where it goes, where the rain comes from, why thunder follows lightning, why ice and snow come in the winter, and if this sounds sophomoric to you, just try some of these questions out on yourself and sometimes we who think we know the truth about many of these things, will discover that what we do know about them or what we think about them is not true at all. There are stories of what causes fog, and what the scientists are now doing in the elimination of fog, and the dangers from fogs, and achievement which was born out of the necessity of detecting landing bases from out of a fog, and will probably bring a very great revelation to all navigation on the earth and on the sea and in the air; and why do not we have summer all the year 'round? You may think you have an

immediate answer to that. And how can the weather man tell when it's going to rain? And, why is the weather man sometimes wrong? How high are the clouds? What are they made of? In fact, the whole story is told in such a fascinating and simple way that the book would vie with an interesting story or an interesting novel in sustaining and holding the interest of young people and other readers as well. There are stories of how the eskimos, who live on fish and fat, consider castor oil a luscious drink; and of the Polynesians who live almost effortlessly on the fruits of dense tropical growth in the South Sea Islands.

All of my life I have been interested in the important subject of conservation; not only the conserving of wild life, the birds of the air and the fishes of the waters, but the earth itself, and the wealth which is in the earth. This book vividly portrays the mighty resources of the natural earth which supports man, and one gets a new and enlarged comprehension of the richness of our good earth; how it has been abused and dissipated; the story of the immense wheat belts of the American Northwest, of the Russian Steppes, of the Argentine, and of Australia—the sheep and cattle lands the earth over, and the vast and varied agricultural regions; the stories of the great fishing waters, the mighty forests, mining for many minerals, the waterfalls which produce electric power; these and many more of the resources of the earth which man has utilized for his own advancement are all told here. With all the achievements and accomplishments which man has made in this field, we may be assured that the vast, untouched resources and untapped power is still greater than anything he has yet used.

One cannot help but have a deeper and increasing respect for this earth when one sees a book like this book; and Griffith Taylor, Professor of Geography at the University of Chicago, who edited the book, said "I think it is an interesting and simple explanation of how man is affected by his environment, and the book should prove popular with young people;" while The American Library Association, Wilson's Children catalogue, Parent's Magazine, the leading scientific journals, the Educational Press, and over twenty-five reading circles and state library boards, have been wholehearted in their praise and it has had the general approval of leading professors and educators of the University of Chicago, Yale University and other educational institutions of similar rank. The chapter alone on the importance of the sun, from the section of the book on how the world supports man, opens up an entirely new vista and deepens our appreciation of the great universe of which we are a part. To young people who are just beginning to formulate conceptions and ideas of the universe, a book like this gives them a new sense of the dignity and the importance of the earth and also indicates that by proper use of the earth, we can produce increasingly a favorable environment in which man can use and benefit and profit by the world of which he is a part, and that he will find a better way to make uses of this good earth than to make it one of chaos and confusion and sorrow.

* * *

In the same series of books is one entitled "The Story of Earth and Stars." There are nine books in this series which is called the Story of Man, and really they constitute the basis for the beginning of a liberal education and would easily supplement for young people and for the younger age groups all of the studies which they will have this fall in their schoolrooms. I am go-

ing to mention these nine books for some parents and young people may be reading this who would be interested to know there is such a series and that this series is available. First, "The Story of Earth and Stars," which I am going to talk about in this book chat and will come to in a moment; "The Story of Our Primitive World and Primitive Man"; then "Story of the Weather and the World's Resources," which I have just discussed above; "The Story of Animals and Plants" is another volume; "The Story of Invention and Man's Progress," "Microscopic Life and Insects," another; "The Story of Physics and of Chemistry," and an exceedingly interesting one on "The Story of Writing and Languages;" "The Story of Man's Riches and Government," which is an exceptionally valuable introduction to the subject; and the ninth, "The Story of Music and Best Loved Songs."

These easy-to-understand books relate in delightful manner the authentic facts of man's fascinating progress from the beginning of time to the complex problems of civilization today. All phases of man's life story, time, history, weather, plants, animals, inventions, insects, microscopic life, chemistry, physics, languages, writing, government and money, music, geology, all these and many more are covered in a style which will be interesting for adults and unusually easy for young people. I am convinced that the more we know about this earth and the people who inhabit it, its structure, its laws, its principles, the more respect we will have for the earth and for humanity. I have never believed that true science and true religion were enemies; quite the contrary. Instead of the microscope or the telescope lessening one's faith in the creator, when properly understood and used they can only result in deepening one's faith. I have found that the true scientist does not have less faith in the creator, but frequently I have noticed he has more faith than a great many people whose mentality and ignorance apparently prevent them from knowing how truly, magnificently and powerfully great the creator is. It does not make for a lesser conception of God, but for a greater. Some of the most authoritative scientists have been men of profound and creative faith.

In the "Story of Earth and Stars," there is the unfolding of this long, romantic episode of the changes that inevitably result when the giants of wind and water, heat and cold, ice and snow, and pressure, relentlessly make on the surface of the earth mountains, rivers, lakes, plains, deserts, and beaches, through the long ages. The author gives to everyone, young and old, the seeing eye of geology, then leads them on a trip of exploration through a new and wonderful world, every fact of which has been scientifically established and cannot be possibly controverted. Through the eyes of science this book explains how other worlds look, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and the recently discovered planet which, I think, up until now bears the classification of simply being planet X. Think of a climate 450 degrees below zero. That is something to think about on a summer afternoon, isn't it, with atmospheres so dense that the sun cannot penetrate them. Think of worlds that have seventeen months in seventeen days and where the years are one hundred times as long as ours; and where there are two sunrises and two sunsets a day. All these unimpeachable and ascertained facts only create for us all a comprehension of the greatness and the universal range of this cosmos of ours. Knowledge of this sort can only deepen one's faith and respect for

the creative processes.

The book "How the Earth is Changing," is written by Rudolf Bretz, who has not only put in very readable and attractive style the text, but who is also the artist and has drawn his own illustrations, and they are most attractive and valuable additions to the text. Professor Edson J. Bastin, of the Department of Geology at the University of Chicago said of this book: "As I read Rudolf Bretz's little book, I found myself wishing that I were a youth again making my first acquaintance with geology through this delightful and sometimes stirring narrative of an earth not immutable but eternally in action." That's a thought that I think more of us should be considering. The little span of our lives, whatever it may be, sixty, seventy, eighty years of life, is too short for us to detect change and modification of the earth, but the earth is undergoing constant changes and is never two hours alike, but stretching out through the long corridors of time these changes are almost impercetible, with the result that we are not conscious of there being any change at all. It becomes necessary to look back across past ages and then, through the availability of scientific knowledge, to see just how profound and continuous these changes have been, and also how the changes have influenced the life of man upon this globe. That is the primary importance of the study of geography and of geology and widens one's conception of man's social and political and religious and educational struggles upon this earth. People who get this comprehensive view of history and of geologic changes in time, are always people who have a well balanced attitude toward life and its problems. They are never people who are in a hurry for sudden or radical changes and they do not feel that the spasmodic upheavals of social or political character constitute the solution or the answer to all of man's problems. They recognize after all what a long, slow, drawn-out process it all is. They are also familiar with the relationship between the geologic changes of the earth, and what effect these have upon man himself. People who understand these things are usually well poised people. They are never in a hurry to complete in one generation something which it may take several or hundreds to accomplish. They have a deep and a continuing confidence in the power of growth and development. That is the value of a book like this upon younger minds particularly. It creates perspective. And here is a book which gives the story of the earth and of the neighbors of the earth in stellar space, and no one can come in contact with this great story without experiencing a profound sense of responsibility as well as gratitude that the task of making the world better and finer is one in which we should all be engaged. And so I recommend that you read "The Story of Earth and Stars," the Story of the Earth told by Rudolf Bretz and the Story of the Stars told by Elena Fontany.

* * *

In the "Story of Man, and His Changing World," one of this same series, there are really two books incorporated in the one volume: "The Story of our Primitive World" and "The Story of Primitive Man." "How the World Began," the first part of the book, is written by Edith Heal, and the second part, "How the World Grew Up," is written by Grace Kiner. Both are strikingly and effectively illustrated, adding to the impressiveness and value of the little volume. I can give you the best idea of How the World Began by calling your attention to the chapter headings. There are ten chapters and they are entitled as follows: first, "In the Beginning," and the

questions: Where did the world come from? What was the earth like in the beginning? How were the oceans and continents formed? How old is the earth? What was the first living thing on the earth? Where did life start? are all discussed in this chapter.

The second chapter is called "The Stone Book," which tells the story of the earth, why there are layers of rock, and what fossils are, and what they are like; what is meant by "turning to stone," and what is the "mark of wings," and what are molds.

Then the third chapter is called "The First Fish," and answers questions like these: What were the earliest creatures to leave a record? What came before fishes? What was the first fish like? What was the bony fish? And, incidentally, most of us think of all fish as being bony, don't we? Who were the giants among the early fish? What were the lung-fish? And then an interesting chapter on "The Fish That Walked." How did the fish get ready to leave the water? Why did the fish come onto the land? What was the first step probably like? What was the first land dweller? Then we come to the "Giant Monsters," and questions like these: What creature first lived on land only? What were the reptiles like? What were the giant land reptiles like? and what were the giant sea monsters like? And what is the strange fact about a reptile's teeth? and how did the giant monsters protect themselves? and finally, why did they disappear from the earth?

The next chapter on "The Reptile That Flew"; flying dragons—what were their wings like? How big were their wings, and what is the history of the flying dragons? Then a chapter on "The First Bird," and who was its great-great-great-great grandfather? How did the bird take after its ancestors, and how was it unlike its reptile relatives and what were some of the ancient birds like? What has been th progress of birds? And then, is a bir better than an aeroplane? Then a chap ter on "The New Rulers," and wh was the "underdog" in the Age of Rep tiles? And how were they superior t reptiles, and questions about mamma and who were the invaders that cam to stay? What happened to the littl horse? What is the elephant's history What happened to the mammals tha liked water? What happened to th mammals that liked to climb trees And then, a very interesting chapter o the "Coming of Man," and how do w find out about the early people? Wha was the "Java Man?" What were som of the early people called? etc. An the tenth and concluding chapter o "The Chaining of the Animals." Wh did the animals lose their power an what of the future? These question will give you some idea of the scope o the Story of Our Primitive World, a story that to miss and not know, cre ates a defect in our complete apprecia tion of the world which we do know about us now, and a world which is al the better explained and understood be cause we know how this world cam into being.

We then go on to the last part o the book and the section called "How the World Grew Up," and we have a very exhaustive, complete and easily read and understood little book of in comparable value, on the first people the people who lived in caves, and the first fishermen and the first builders and the first farmers and the first meta workers and the first traders and the first soldiers and the first races of men all told in these nine chapters. I do no mean to infer that all of this fascinating story can be told in just one book, but here is the groundwork, the broad general basis of knowledge, upon which one can branch out and broaden from there into some more specialized

aspects of this great story in history.

Sometimes I think that there would be far less misunderstanding, racial, political and religious discord in the world if people were more basically and fundamentally informed on how all of us finally became what we are. We would have a deeper appreciation and an ever widening willingness to be considerate and more kind toward those who are different. The basis of all understanding must be in a common knowledge of our common origin and, after all, mankind is one, one God above us, one family on the earth. And when we become familiar with all of the influences and factors which have entered into our development as humanity we become more deeply conscious of the possibility that we can do better than we have ever done in the past and that this earth can become what it was designed to be—the kingdom of God.

I am going to close this Book Chat with a poem written by a Chicago poet, whose first book of poems entitled "Boy in the Wind," won him the Friends of Literature Award for Poetry. I had the honor of presiding at the Shakespeare Dinner here in Chicago when this award was presented to the poet. Mr. George Dillon wrote this poem taken from his "Boy in the Wind," which he calls "The World Goes Turning":

"The world goes turning
Slowly lunging,
Wrapped in churning
Winds and plunging
Rains. The land
And the waters turn.
The mountains stand
Solid and stern.
But the rivers slide
Gently in valleys.
Lithe fishes glide
In their cold alleys.
And there are creatures
Of various forms
And various natures.
Rosy worms
Wallow at dawn
In pools of dew.

. . . . .

And the churning, braying
Waters lash,
And a star floats burning,
And clouds crash,
And the world goes turning."

# The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

**By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY**

TONIGHT as I sit at my desk I find it extremely difficult to concentrate on the work before me. After being away for four months, coming back into city life, city noise and city atmosphere necessitates considerable adjustment of thought and attitude! The quiet, peaceful little Island on the lovely Minnesota lake seems a long, long way off—in quite another world!

It was nice to greet the many friends in church and see the many familiar faces. Specially fine and heart-warming was it to see a number of our boys-in-uniform home, and all so glad to be back in church. A few are on furlough and others to remain.

James Kosner, who once served as president of the Young Peoples Club, and is also a member of the choir, was in his place in the choir at the opening

service September 16th, smiling and grateful that his wish oft expressed in letters from Italy during these many months, had been realized, that he might some day be in the Peoples Church service again, and take his place in the choir. And there he was, looking very well and very happy. "Jimmie" as he is known to his friends, has written several poems during his absence. It is interesting to find that war has developed in many, many boys a philosophic turn of mind, in some a literary and poetic trend—in others artistic ability. Boys who formerly were not overly interested in any one special thing and were wholly carefree. Our boys have come back to us *men*—quite serious, with new dignity—in most cases new ideals—and certainly a new outlook upon life, religion, people, the world! And it is from these young men of the world that our art, literature, philosophy and life itself will be carried on for generations to come. Here is a little poem Jimmie sent us that shows the thought in a soldier's mind —possibly in a lonely night hour, feeling very far from home, and perhaps thinking of buddies who would be left sleeping in foreign graves. He calls the poem "Victory:"

Now that the fighting does cease
And weapons are laid aside,
Will there be everlasting peace
For which brave men have died?

Most hearts are filled with happiness
At the progress we have made;
But in many hearts there is sadness
Because of the price they've paid.

In many a home there is a place
For a loved one who isn't there;
They shall always see his smiling face,
Keeping sacred his favorite chair.

* * *

From the Mail Bag I have pulled out this nice letter from Jay Merrick (in the church since a small boy in Sunday School). Jay writes:

"Dear Pastor: Your card received and I can't tell you how happy I was to hear from you. You know, I fully realize you have very little spare time, with lecturing and the sermons each Sunday, and so I never feel slighted if no answer returns from my letters. To tell you the truth I do hear from you through the literature the church sends which I am very grateful for. When overseas, I felt as if I were closer to home when I'd get the Dial and the Liberalist. At least while reading them I was once again back again in Chicago. All of us I know fully appreciate the splendid effort the Peoples Church went to, to make our stay away from home a little more pleasant. You, yourself, have done wonders for us and I know when I say this, I speak for all the men and women of the Peoples Church who are in the service—'Well done, Dr. Bradley!'

"My very best wishes to both yourself and Mrs. Bradley. I hope to be discharged in January. I remain, your friend and member, Jay Merrick."

* * *

A most interesting letter came to Dr. Bradley through the General Director of the Jewish Peoples Institute, Philip L. Seman. Mr. Seman's letter is explanatory, saying:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I want to share the attached letter with you, because I feel that it may be of interest to you and you may want to comment on it. William Dorfman was virtually brought up at the Jewish People's Institute from the time he was a mere youngster. Because of the activities he followed, he was encouraged to prepare himself for the field of physical education, and subsequently he joined the staff of the Jewish People's Institute. He left for the armed forces about a

year and a half ago. Naturally his letter is, therefore, of considerable interest to us. With kindest regards, I am Sincerely yours, Philip L. Seman, General Director." The letter mentioned I will quote in part, it being quite lengthy. It may be encouraging to some who do not already know of the grand work and tremendous effort being made for convalescent returnees toward rehabilitation. This letter to Dr. Seman came from Cpl. Wm. K. Dorfman, Camp Davis, North Carolina, who wrote in part: "Dear Dr. Seman:— Don't believe I've had the opportunity of writing you from this field, so here goes.

"Uncle Sammy wants to place his men on jobs they are best suited for; so he has shipped me all the way over to the Eastern Coast, to do convalescent work with men who are returning from overseas. For this assignment I thank him very much, since it really gives me a chance to do something for the boy who has done so much for us.

"I have been assigned to six wards. My job is to organize a physical and recreational program, plus the job of creating exercises and games for the different injuries I will run into. Each bed patient has a color signifying the amount of exercise he is able to participate in. You can realize the importance in knowing the anatomy, as the wrong exercise may injure a man for life. I'm proud to say that while at the American College of Physical Education I was able to get the best teachers in anatomy.

"Going on with my other duties: for the men who are able to get out of bed I have organized tournaments in Basketball, Football, Baseball, Soccer, Horseshoes, Tennis, Badminton, etc. You're probably saying to yourself, 'How can patients participate in these strenuous games?' Well, they do, because the games are modified (rules and regulations) and at times I create my own games and the men get a big kick out of them. We just completed our first Horseshoe Tournament with hundreds of patients, nurses, doctors and ward boys cheering their favorites.

"Competition is a very important word before and after the war. Before the war and during our basic training the competition was fight to a finish, no rules barred, everything goes, as long as you kill your opponent. Now that these men are finished with that kind of competition the job ahead is a rather important one. Since we must try to get that kill or be killed competition out of their system, just how should one go about that task? The doctor has some ideas on it, the business man has his ideas, the civilians in general have theirs; but I believe the man who can do the job is the physical training instructor. Perhaps here I am showing a great deal of partiality, so let me include a few more groups just to prove that I am not narrow on this important issue. The educators, teachers, handicraft workers, speakers, leaders of forums, psychologists, psychiatrists etc,; combine this group, and I believe you can solve the problem."

Instructor Dorfman continues by telling how he makes friends with the patients first, before trying to interest them in exercises or games, and how some are bitter and stubborn, but finally come around by their own will and desire to "join in," and how they are encouraged by the benefit received and gradually are built up into "new men." Such work is certainly a sacred mission!

* * *

Time, I see, to close the Mail Bag. As we go into the fall season of our work and our church, let us all try to make it the best ever! The opening services have been inspiring! So then, don't forget to write—and, as ever—

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

# THE BIG FIVE CONFERENCE

IT IS plainly obvious now, to the most casual observer of things which are taking place throughout the world, that we are going to have some problems which are going to require care and expert handling, and while not a single reader of this article may have any opportunity to make an official contribution to the solution himself, it is important that none of us forget that the decisions which are made will involve each one of us, and therefore it seems to me greatly important that each of us shall keep as informed and alert of all that is taking place as we possibly can. Censorship has been released. The press and the radio throughout the world now make available to us information on nations, on persons and on events which were blacked out by the emergencies and necessities of war. To remain uninformed now is only to assist in the creation of that kind of public opinion and public reaction which will be a barrier to the final solution of the difficulties. I had an example of that night before last, when I was leaving a meeting to which I had spoken here in Chicago loop. A gentleman said to me, "Well, Dr. Bradley, isn't it a great pity that the foreign ministers of the five great powers broke up in such a tragic fiasco as has happened in London." I did not have time and it was not the occasion for me to reply, but I have reserved the answer for this moment.

Most people glance at a headline or listen to a commentator in a few minutes of exposition or interpretation, form an opinion and arrive at a conclusion. Of course it is to be regretted that there was not more unity in the London conference, and perhaps it was the first great test of the wisdom of the United Nations organization's plan in this particular, that at a meeting of the foreign ministers' council a unanimous decision should be required. That makes it possible in any meeting of the foreign ministers' council for one nation to oppose the power of veto over all questions. But out of the London conference of the foreign ministers there came one clear, definite picture, just as clear as crystal, and that is, that before the five powers talk about peace treaties or settling the problems of other nations or smaller nations or any of the other many tasks on the agenda, it seems to me there is one thing pre-eminent, and that is, they must come to a common agreement on what their individual relationships are to each other. Each of the Big Five have definite self-interests, and the problem is how those self-interests can be assimilated into one large interest which will encompass those nations and peoples of the world which are outside of the five-power nations. Now let us take a momentary glance at each of the five nations and see if we can state simply and comprehensively what these national self-interests are. Russia,—well obviously Russia wants to surround herself with a friendly group of states anticipating a future in which there will be formed an anti-Soviet bloc. She is reaching for ports and bases on every important and strategic waterway, and is giving evidence that she is following a traditional policy which has characterized much of the Russian attitude before and after the coming of communism to Russia. It is not distinctively communistic, by any means. It has been the policy of Russia since the time of Peter the Great, as every student of history knows. Britain,—why Britain is undeniably concerned about

what will happen to an empire upon which the sun never sets and what must be done, through military and commercial relationships, together with her own relationships with her own colonies throughout the world. And America,—that twice within only 25 years has been in a world war, and certainly, if I interpret the heart of this nation and the spirit of our people, through travel and meeting them everywhere, I think that uppermost and above everything else is America's desire not only to avoid a third world war ourselves, but to make the best contribution we can to avoid war anywhere in the world. We realize now that the old wars between one nation and another nation, fought out to a conclusion, are no longer possible. It is all a great network now and a war anywhere becomes finally a war everywhere. For an example of that principle which is very close to us all is this question of strikes, for instance. Strikes grow and spread—so do wars. And France of course is suffering from some of the same frightful psychologic disturbance which Germany experienced after the last war—she is suffering from an inferiority complex. She wants to become strong again and a great power and a great nation and to recapture her lost power and dignity and prestige,—of course she does. Not only does she want to hold on, in this effort, to her colonial bases, but she is ambitious to extend them. And China,—for the first time in all her long, long history, sits at a table as an equal in a European peace effort and no one could deny that China is seeking, and I think justly so, to establish on a permanent basis her own independence in the Orient. Now these individual national self-interests just simply exist. It would be absurd and naive to deny it, and consequently when the foreign ministers who represent these nations sit down with their problems, they inevitably are going to look at every problem which involves world comity through the lens of their own self-interest. This does not frighten me, as it does some observers, analysts and commentators. I expected all this. I saw evidences of it all through that part of the San Francisco Conference which I was privileged to attend. I run into the same principle every day of my life in association with my fellowmen.

Here is the point that I think we should all see now. This London meeting of the foreign ministers is not final. It isn't the last. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if there would be a series of meetings and meetings and meetings that may extend for two years and perhaps longer before the peace treaties of World War No. II will be ready for final presentation to the United Nations. The world has been about a thousand years getting into this muddle. It would be surprising if it could get out of it in three months. I think the virture which we need to practice now is patience and understanding. Undoubtedly the personnel of the foreign ministers' council will change many times, as it has changed in the last year, before it is all settled. Stalin is not well, he is feeling the burden of the tasks. Molotov may face a political crisis. It is possible that not a single individual member of the present foreign ministers' council will be in authority when the final peace pact of World War No. II is written. We simply must not think of this deadlock of London at the moment as being final, for it isn't. Their deputies will be carrying on for the next five or six weeks, getting prepared for the session, for the foreign ministers are going to return to London in November.

This world had better make up its

mind that if we are ever going to get peace it will be on the basis of exchange and giving up and cooperating in an effort to understand each other's difficulties and problems. And that is why I would speak a note of encouragement rather than discouragement and despair. The task is not too great. The leadership will be provided. This world is not going to smash up again in another world conflagration. The price paid for this opportunity was too great a price for the failures and incompetencies and selfishness of individual leaders or foreign ministers to create the kind of world in which blood-letting and slaughter and cruelty will be necsary again. Blood has been shed to give these men and nations another chance to live together. That nations will be so foolish and so unworthy as to throw that chance away is unbelievable.

## *Wigwams*

By MARTHA BOLTON AGLER

ON the top of the hill I suddenly saw,
As we gradually climbed the steep ascent,
A row of Indian wigwams stand
Against the blue of the firmament.

For an instant I hoped to see a brave
Step from his wigwam to greet the morn.
But all I heard was the wind's soft voice
Rustling through the shocks of corn.

# POSTAL RULES FOR OVERSEAS GIFTS

Mailing dates for Christmas packages for boys in service overseas inclu up to October 15th, and weight and measurement of packages is the same for a services—army, navy, marine corps or coast guard.

The package may weigh not to exceed five pounds, may measure up to inches in length and 36 inches in length and girth combined.

Don't forget the boys who will not be home for Christmas!

# CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciat your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other change too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail go astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office kno all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes h address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

# AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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# THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

## Center of Allied Arts

**J. Bradley-Griffin, Director**

**1219 N. LaSalle Street** **Whitehall 5257**

* * *

**Opening Fall Production—**

**"PORT OF CHICAGO"**

Every Friday and Saturday evening in October—Curtain 8:30
SUNDAY, OCT. 21, AT 4 P.M., MATINEE PERFORMANCE

(Overflow crowds at the closing performances of last season and many requests during the past year for another showing justify this return engagement. Another scene has been added to the play to bring it up to 1945, with its V-J Day, the atomic bomb, etc.)

* * *

Opening DRAMA TEA—Sunday, October 7th at 4:00

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN

in a recital version of "The Hasty Heart,"
a new play by John Patrick.

* * *

Classes are now forming in all branches of the theatre, with new additions to the faculty, of Peggy Patton, formerly of the Edgewater Beach Hotel, as head of the Radio Department and Carol M. Schumann, head of the Junior Theatre. For all information, call Whitehall 5257, the school office.

* * *

The play "Port of Chicago," centers around the fictitious character of Carolyn Leslie Vaughan, her family and associates, and many famous characters of local interest, portrayed by

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Coryl M. Schumann | Mary Moore | Gail Alexander |
| Roberta Slagle | George Gairing | Al Sans |
| David Meeker | Howard Cox | James Hargis Connelly |

Mr. Connelly will again give his inimitable impersonation of Sam Jenkins, the farmer from Bureau County. J. Bradley-Griffin and Mary Clarke are the narrators. Costumes by Barbara Wahl.

ROBERTA SLAGLE.

# Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
Adams, LeRoy
Allen, Robert George, Ens.
*Anderson, Frank
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Norman P.
Andrey, G.
Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
Arnopol, Richard Arthur
Ball, Kenneth R.
Bartlett, Tommy
Baumann, Robert
Berglund, William
Berhalter, Howard
Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
Blue, Wayne P.
Bluhm, Arthur
Bluhm, Ben C.
Bluhm, Herbert, Major
Boaz, Charles
Bower, Clyde F.
Brosious, Donald W.
Brosious, Edward P.
Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
Bunn, Robert R.
Burkhard, Gordon Robert
Byron, R. B.
Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
Carlseen, Howard
Carlton, Rosalie M.
Christ, Frank G.
Code, James
*Crane, Charles C.
Cuzort, James T.
Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
DeWees, William Robert
Droth, Betty
DuMont, Harry
Dwinell, Robert M.
Eddy, George G., Jr.
Edelhart, Marvin I.
Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
Elya, Verl
Eronson, Frans
Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
Ettelson, David
Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
Felch, George
Fishman, Carl Leonard
*Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
Fortuin, George J.
Fulton, Robert Harry
Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
Fuss, June
Freitag, George
Freitag, John L.
Garner, William C.
Gau, William R.
Gill, Robert E.
Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
Gray, Harry S.
Gregg, Noel Dudley
Gregg, Robert D.
Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
Hagen, John H.
Hangel, Robert L.
Hannum, Robert
Hansen, Harold E.
Hansen, Robert J.
Harbert, Marvyn F.
Harling, Robert, Sgt.
Heg, Winslow
*Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
Henderson, William
Hendrich, John
Henning, Anne E.
Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
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Ingersoll ,Harold
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Johansonn, Eileen
Johnson, Lawrence
Jones, Lincoln H.
Kastner, Howard H.
Kemper, Calvin C.
Kiltz, Elwood E.
Klingler, Lambert H.
Klippel, Winifred
Kokoefer, E.
Kosner, James, Cpl.
Kramer, Hans
Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
Kredler, Stanley
Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
Kruskopf, George E.
Langley, Philip
Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
LaPointe, J. C.
Larsen, Vincent William
Lauletta, June Blair
Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
Leffler, Ruth
Lehnert, William A.
Lichtenebert, Rudolph
Maddox, Don, Cpl.
Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
Mason, Frank J.
McCord, Sarah Parks
Merrick, Jay
Merrill, Leslie
Meyer, James H., Capt.
Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
Miller, Harold R.
Miller, John M.
Miller, Richard
Miller, Richard B.
Miller, Roger
Molzahn, W. A.
Moore, Florence M.
Moran, Walter
Mostek, Raymond
Murphy, Robert J.
Myers, William V., Sgt.
Needham, Daniel Arthur
Nelson, Harry G.
Nelson, Howard C.
Nonnenbruch, Edw. W., Cpt.
Norris, Donald J.
Novotny, Anton
Oldenburg, Forrest A.
Olson, Robert
*Osterberg, Robert
Paige, Charles
Palmer, Earl
Palo, Alfred C.
Palo, Clarence W.
Palo, Douglas L.
Parlette, William H.
Paschal, Edward
Perfumo, Leo A.
Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
Philbrick, Betty

Phillips, James E.
Phillips, Jim
Plumley, Robert
Plummer, Pauline M., R.N., 2nd Lt.
Poquette, Robert E.
Post, Clee S., Sgt.
Proud, Kurt, Lt.
Quesnall, Arthur
*Randall, Tabor Charles
Replogle, Jacob Estes
Riley, Lester G.
Roof, James H.
Rowley, L. C.
Rowley, Yale W.
Salamon, Rudolph E.
Sauser, Martin
Sauser, William
Schneller, James, Sgt.
Schnorr, Robert K.
Scholler, Robert W., Ens.
Schroeder, William
Schulten, Marjorie, Lt.
Schumacher, Arthur
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Shurman, Frank M.
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Sweet, Mary Louise
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Terry, Duane R.
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Wegner, Gerhard
Weinberg, Sidney
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White, George A.
*Widener, Virgil Drew
Wiederer, Elmer Michael
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Wilkins, E. J.
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Williams, Arthur J.
Williamson, W. Ross
Wilson, Andrew C.
Wood, Robert, Jr.
Wood, Thomas, Jr.
Woods, Daniel Jack
Woods, James W., Jr.
Woods, Tom Lee
Yarrington, Mary Alice
York, Carroll D., Cpt.
Yous, Donald, Cpt.

# PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) ..... 11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE Opening Service, November 4th ..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall ... 9:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Opening lecture, November 7th ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday Evening, Church Auditorium .. 7:30 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Opening Luncheon, Edgewater Beach Hotel, Monday, October 8th ..... 12:30 p.m.

Dr. Preston Bradley, guest speaker; guest artist, Glenn Most, bass-baritone.

First regular meeting, Monday, October 22nd ..... 1:00 p.m.

Literature Day, Mrs. Franklin Miller, Chairman. Book review by Mrs. Marco Adrogna, "Chateaux of France." Guest artist, Miss Naomi Weis, pianist.

HOME-COMING CARD PARTY—Thursday evening, October 25th .... 8:00 p.m.
By Philanthropic Department, Mrs. E. M. Berger, Chairman, Mrs. J. H. Baer, Co-chairman. Door and table prizes.

RUMMAGE SALE, all day Saturday, October 27th. Location to be announced.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Opening meeting, October 8th, program open to the public ..... 8:30 p.m.

Dr. Preston Bradley will give his first evening address for the fall season, choosing his own subject. Benefit program for The Uptown Players and the Preston Bradley Auxiliary of the Mary Bartelme Club. Mrs. L. E. McCloy, Program Chairman. Anderson Hall, Peoples Church.

Monday evening, October 15th, an intimate chat on "The Heart of Mexico," by Ethel Wells Smalley, past president of the club, with colored movies by Viola Huntington and Virginia Lee Mayberry.

MEN'S CLUB—Meets the fourth Monday of each month. Opening meeting, Monday, October 22nd, Anderson Hall. Dr. Preston Bradley, speaker ..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—Karl H. Lemke, Secretary, 3536 N. Bosworth Avenue, Bittersweet 3764.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec. Treas. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. Opening Production: "Port of Chicago," Sept. 28th and 29th and every Friday and Saturday evening throughout October.

Sunday, October 7th, 4:00 p.m. Opening Drama Tea. J. Bradley-Griffin, in a recital version of "The Hasty Heart," a new play by John Patrick.

Sunday, October 21st, Matinee performance of "Port of Chicago." A final scene has been added to the play, bringing it through V-J Day.

## Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule

WJJD—Dr. Bradley's Sunday morning sermon and entire church service broadcast ..... 11:00 to 12:30

WGN—Every weekday evening, Monday through Friday ..... 6:00 p.m.
Book Review on Wednesdays—Question Box on Fridays.

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